



THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE

A Song WRITTEN BY E. Cook

MUSIC COMPOSED BY

FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

Published by P. FLAVIO Memphis Tenn.

MODERATO

VOICE

PIANO

No sa - ble pall, no waving plume, No thou - sand torchlights to il -

- lume, No par - ting glance, no heavy tear, Is seen to fall up - on the

bier. There is not one of kindred clay, To watch the coffin on its

way, No mor-tal form no human breast, Cares where the pauper's bones may

rest, No mor-tal form no human breast, Cares where the pauper's bones may

rest.

2 3

But one deep mourner follows there,
 Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer,
 He does not sigh, he does not weep,
 But will not leave the solemn heap,
 'Tis he who was the poor man's mate
 And made him more content with fate,
 The mongrel dog that shar'd his crust,
 Is all that stands beside his dust.

He bends his listening head as though
 He thought to hear a voice below,
 He pines to miss that voice so kind
 And wonders why he's left behind;
 The sun goes down, the light is come,
 He needs no food, he seeks no home,
 But stretched upon the dreamless bed
 With dolefull howl calls back the dead.

